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A Glee for Four Voices.

My Love's like the red Rose.

Composed by W. KNUVETT.

[London : J. ALFRED NOVELLO, 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 24, Poultry ; also in New York, at 389, Broadway.]

Allegro ma non presto.

TREBLE.
O My Love's like the red red Rose, that's new - ly sprung in

ALTO.
O My Love's like the red red Rose, that's new - ly sprung in

TENOR
(3ve lower.)
O My Love's like the red red Rose, that's new - ly sprung in

BASS.
O My Love's like the red red Rose, that's new - ly sprung in

ACCOMP.
O My Love's like the red red Rose, that's new - ly sprung in

mf

June, O my Love's like the me - lo - die, that's sweet - ly play'd in tune.

June, O my Love's like the me - lo - die, that's sweet - ly play'd in tune.

June, O my Love's like the me - lo - die, that's sweet - ly play'd in tune.

June, O my Love's like the me - lo - die, that's sweet - ly play'd in tune.

mf

mf

As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, . . And

mf

As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, And

mf

As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, . . And

As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, so deep in love am I, And

mf

MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE.

I will love thee still my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. . . O my Love's like the red red

I will love thee still my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. . . O my Love's like the red red

I will love thee still my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. my Love's like the red red

I will love thee still my dear, till a' the seas gang dry. O my Love's like the red red

Rose, that's new - ly sprung in June, *mf* O my Love's like the me - lo - die, . that's

Rose, that's new - ly sprung in June, *mf* O my Love's like the me - lo - die, that's

Rose, that's new - ly sprung in June, *mf* O my Love's like the me - lo - die, that's

Rose, that's new - ly sprung in June, *mf* O my Love's like the me - lo - die, that's

sweet - ly play'd in tune. And the

sweet - ly play'd in tune. Till a' the Seas gang dry my dear, And the

sweet - ly play'd in tune. Till a' the Seas gang dry my dear, And the

sweet - ly play'd in tune. gang dry my dear,

MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE.

mf

Rocks melt with the Sun, I will love thee still my dear, while the sands o' life shall

Rocks melt with the Sun, I will love thee still my dear, while the sands o' life shall

mf

Rocks melt with the Sun, I will love thee still my dear, while the sands o' life shall

I will love thee still my dear, while the sands o' life shall

mf

run. . . O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's new-ly sprung in June, O my

run. . . O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's new-ly sprung in June, O my

mf

run. O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's new-ly sprung in June, O my

run. . . O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's new-ly sprung in June, O my

mf MINORE.

Love's like the me-lo-die, that's sweet-ly play'd in tune. And fare thee weel, my

mf

Love's like the me-lo-die, that's sweet-ly play'd in tune. And fare thee weel, my

mf

Love's like the me-lo-die, that's sweet-ly play'd in tune. And fare thee weel, my

mf

Love's like the me-lo-die, that's sweet-ly play'd in tune. And fare thee weel, my

mf MINORE.

MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED ROSE.

on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And I will come a - gain my love, tho' it

on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And I will come a - gain my love, tho' it

on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And I will come a - gain my love, tho' it

on - ly love, and fare thee weel a - while, And I will come a - gain my love, tho' it

cres. *f* **MAJOR.**
were ten thou-sand mile. . . O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's newly sprung in

cres.
were ten thou-sand mile . . . O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's newly sprung in

cres.
were ten thou-sand mile. O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's newly sprung in

cres.
were ten thousand mile. O my Love's like the red red Rose, that's newly sprung in

ad lib.
June; O my love's like the me - lo - die, . . . that's sweetly play'd in tune.

June; O my love's like the me - lo - die, . . . that's sweetly play'd in tune.

June; O my love's like the me - lo - die, . . . that's sweetly play'd in tune.

ad lib.
June; O my love's like the me - lo - die, . . . that's sweetly play'd in tune.